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Author and Statesman

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TO

PROFESSOR HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN,
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WHO AS LIBRARIAN OF BROWN UNIVERSITY
PRESIDES OVER THE JOHN HAY LIBRARY

PREFACE

It is singular but not entirely exceptional that John Hay and his career should have received no extended treatment within a decade after his death. Doubtless the subject is difficult by reason of rare qualities and of far-reaching diplomacy, but these need not have prevented a plain narrative of his personal, literary, and political life. In the lack of such an account thousands pass the John Hay Memorial Library or read in its rooms without understanding its full significance, and thousands more all over the land are equally uninformed as to the position this scholar and statesman occupied. Many know that his name is the most distinguished on the graduate roll of Brown University; a goodly number will recall the authorship of the "Pike County Ballads" and other "Poems"; also the partnership with John Nicolay in "Abraham Lincoln, a History." Fewer will remember the "Castilian Days," the anony-

mous "Breadwinners," or the occasional addresses which complete and crown the output of John Hay as a man of letters.

With regard to the statesman, some will recollect that he was Secretary of Legation in three European cities, an Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and Secretary of State of the United States; but not many will recall the capitals and kingdoms to which he was sent, the administrations during which he served, and above all what he accomplished for his country and the world by his masterly diplomacy.

It is not strange that acquaintance with the man and his labours is limited. He took no pains to leave a personal record of himself and his work; he appointed no literary executor; his official history is in the archives of governments at home and abroad. What has been said of him is scattered mainly in serial publications which repose on the shelves of public libraries awaiting the visits of the curious.

From these and more remote sources, with letters from those who remember him, a sketch has been attempted which shall not be too long for the busy reader nor too tiresome for one

who is not attracted by the intricacies of statecraft, but who may be glad to know the main features of a life whose value to the nation and the world should be more widely understood and whose example in private and in public deserves study and imitation.

Besides the author's sources of information in publications contemporary with the life and upon the death of Mr. Hay, he is particularly indebted for letters to Mrs. Alice Hay Wadsworth of Mount Morris, N. Y., Dr. A. W. King of Redlands, California; E. W. Menaugh, Esq., Salem, Indiana; Charles E. Hay, Esq., Springfield, Illinois; Hon. Elihu Root, Washington, D. C.; Samuel Mather, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio; C. C. Buel, Esq., New York City; Rev. Edward M. Gushee, D.D., Cambridge, Mass., and Hon. Solon W. Stevens of Winchester, the last two being classmates of Mr. Hay in Brown University.

Providence, March, 1914.

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John Hay . . . . . *Frontispiece*

John Hay Memorial Library . . Facing page 1.

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JOHN HAY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

I

EARLY YEARS

THE boyhood of distinguished men is not always prophetic of eminence. In school and on the playground there may be little to raise them above their fellows. Superiority there may be followed by later inferiority. Recall the precocious pupils of the grammar school and the idols of the athletic field. Are they at the head of the procession now? Possibly a few will stay there. Others will exchange places with some in the rear. As in a woodland recently cut over, there is nothing to indicate which saplings will rival the giants of the primitive forest.

To discover early pre-eminence is the temptation of biographers who undertake complete accounts of illustrious lives. Such discovery sometimes rests upon later achievements. It is

prophecy after the event, based upon ancestry, environment, or as a final resort upon a talent for industry, to some the equivalent of genius. In any case it is hard to prevent the blaze of ultimate renown from illumining early years, and sometimes the child is made the father of the man by an unconscious flare-back of glory, the glow of sunset irradiating the gates of the morning. Sometimes, too, a youthful reputation grows like a myth with the advancing years and accumulating honours, helped on by friendly memories and generous tongues until the actual conditions of childhood become obscure. Yet every one wishes to know the antecedents of distinction. Hence the tracing of lineage and the attempt to discover reasons for the present in the past, and for the man in the child. Of reasons there is no lack in this instance.

Near the middle of the eighteenth century one John Hay, the son of a Scotch soldier of

fortune who had served in the army of the Elector Palatine, emigrated from the Rhenish Palatinate to America, settling in Virginia in 1750. Of four sons two rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary War. Adam, one of them, had received a military training in Europe and here won the favour of Washington. After the war he left Virginia and settled in Lexington, Kentucky. His son John at the age of fifty-five became convinced that a slave state was not the place in which to bring up a family, and accordingly removed to Springfield, Illinois, assisted in making the river trip by Abraham Lincoln. Another John, his son, went to Salem, Indiana. He had graduated from Transylvania College and later received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Settling in the little town of eight hundred inhabitants about 1830 he practised there for ten years. He married Helen Leonard, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, daughter

of Reverend David A. Leonard, a man of high repute among his contemporaries for learning and eloquence, a graduate of Brown University and the poet of his class. Four children were born in Salem: Edward, who died young; Augustus, who lived until a few years ago; a daughter, Mrs. Mary Woolfolk, still living in Warsaw, Illinois; John, the subject of this sketch, who was born October 8, 1838. A fifth, Charles, resides in Springfield, the place of his birth. In 1841 Doctor Hay removed to Warsaw. The physician was regarded as "a man of profound learning and broad culture as well as a skilful doctor; an honourable, clean, and brave man. During an epidemic of cholera in Salem Doctor Hay never faltered in duty, daily and hourly facing the deadly pestilence, ministering to the suffering victims' bodily needs and comforting the spirits of the dying. For a while he was editor of the *Indiana Monitor*, published in Salem, known as

the cleanest paper ever published in the county.

"Mrs. Hay was a strong-minded woman in the very best sense of the term. Her mental endowments were equalled only by her modesty and domestic qualities." [1]

With regard to his forbears John Hay once remarked: "Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father from the South. The first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman who was half English and a German woman who was half French. In this bewilderment I can confess that I am nothing but an American." But he was a type of the American who is to inherit the land, whose composite character may account for creditable attainment. Believers in the inheritance of formative traits will have an explanation of characteristics of the son in what has been said of his father and mother.

[1] From a letter of Doctor A. W. King of Redlands, California, a friend of the family.

The quaint old town of Warsaw was to become the home and school town of Hay's boyhood. There were features about it which must be reckoned to the credit of environment, as some circumstances already mentioned must be included among hereditary influences. The boy's second home, statelier than the cabin where he was born, stood on a bluff of the Illinois bank of the Mississippi half way up the State, commanding a broad view of the river and the Missouri country beyond, whose sunsets were recalled in after years as "more beautiful than those of Italy." It was the day of river boats and river men with ways of their own, to be commemorated in appropriate verse by a lad who, as his sister remembers, "had the habit of stringing his words together into rhymes." The county was in the current of emigration from the East and the Border States to the remote plains and the Pacific, and especially to the disputed territories where the con-

flict for freedom or slavery was to be waged. Practically, Illinois was a slaveholding State with 4000 negroes in bondage in the lower counties. The boy's father by traditions of the family was opposed to slavery and the anti-slavery principles which the son imbibed had the firmest foundation.

His education began in the little brick schoolhouse which is still standing, spared from demolition at his request. Here he learned what was to be acquired from schoolmaster Holmes and his successors until he was thirteen, supplementing his English courses by the study of Latin and Greek under his father's direction.[2] When he was twelve he had read six books of Virgil and some Greek, acquiring meantime a speaking knowledge of German from an itinerant instructor. Though not remarkably strong, his health was good and his disposition happy. His distinction among his schoolmates

[2] A. S. Chapman in the *Century*, 78; 444.

was in his ability to absorb knowledge; and a marvellously retentive memory made his early acquisitions something more than contributions to mental discipline. Reminiscences of the Thomson school speak of the ease and fluency of Hay's translations, his knowledge of construction, and of his advance beyond the ordinary boys in general education. For instance, he had learned something of geology from the state geologist, enough to be familiar with various periods and extinct forms of life. That he was more than a trilobite himself, buried between layers of books, may be gathered from this added testimony: "We all remember John Hay at that time as a red-cheeked, black-eyed, sunshiny boy, chuck full of fun and devilment that hurt nobody. He spoke German like a native, having picked it up just as he had gathered an inexhaustible repertoire of river slang from the steamboat men, which served its turn later on in the 'Pike County Ballads,'

which I have never liked, for the reason that they never suggested John Hay to me. Only at moments of riotous mental dissipation would he give expression to such stuff as appears in the 'Ballads,' and then to work off his superabundant humour." [3]

When his grammar school days were over a larger opportunity was offered him by an uncle, Colonel Milton Hay, living in Pittsfield, the county seat, a lawyer, politician, and man of influence in the region. Offering his nephew a home in his own house, he also placed him in a private school kept by a Mr. John D. Thomson and his wife, where he continued preparatory studies for the higher education which both his father and his uncle designed for him. Soon he was pursuing these studies still further in a school in Springfield which was later known as the Lutheran Concordia College. These several schools mark the period when the new set-

[3] W. E. Norris.

tlements of what was then the Far West were mindful of many a Pittsfield and Springfield in the East for which they had been named, and according to their ability they were, like their Puritan predecessors, "not going to let good learning perish from among them."

But Western colleges had not yet attained the standard of excellence which they have since reached and Eastern institutions were sought by those who could afford the expense. Accordingly his uncle determined to send John to Brown University. Being himself a Baptist, he may have had hopes of directing his nephew's inclinations toward the ministry, which he had at one time, into service in that denomination rather than in the Presbyterian Church with which the boy had been associated. Other reasons may have been found in the fact that his grandfather had graduated from Brown in 1792 and that Providence had been his mother's early home. In any case he came East, four hun-

dred miles further than the other two Western men in his class from Cincinnati; the rest of the class being from New England, except one from New York.

His preparation qualified Hay for entrance as a Sophomore in the fall of 1855, in the class of 1858. He therefore escaped whatever were the predecessors of the present first-year indignities of College Street north sidewalk and the skullcap and button. However, he did not escape the awful mysteries of initiation into the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, which was celebrated with unusual ceremony in consideration of a glorious triumph over rival societies that had been slower to discover the real merits of the Far Westerner. It is said that their howl of disappointment the next morning as Burdge and Stone escorted their captive to his seat in chapel, and the responding cheer from Theta Delta delayed devotional procedures at the desk and interfered sadly with them over the rest of

the house. Already in the few weeks that the new Sophomore had been in college his promise of success made his acquisition a famous victory, whose importance subsequent years were to confirm and augment.

After the Fraternity came the Faculty. In these days they would be preceded by the Nine and the Eleven, but football and baseball had not attained pre-eminence in the middle of the last century. Accordingly President Barnas Sears, D.D., was then the principal figure of the academic group, followed by Alexis Caswell, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; George I. Chace, LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology; William Gammell, A.M., Professor of History and Political Economy; John L. Lincoln, A.M., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature; Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature; James B. Angell, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages; Samuel S.

Greene, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering; Albert Harkness, Ph.D., Professor of Greek Language and Literature; Nathaniel P. Hill, Professor of Chemistry, and Reuben A. Guild, Librarian. The chair of the Theory and Practice of Agriculture was vacant, but the other professorships, including the President's course in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, show what was open to the student without much exercise of his elective affinities or preferences for down-hill grades to a degree. What was required furnished a good foundation for professional or business careers and appreciation of attainments in fields beyond one's own specialty. If John Hay had taken anticipatory courses in theology, law, medicine, or pedagogy would his diplomacy have been as masterly as it was in subsequent years? Therefore his success need cause no crowding of classes in International Law. Diplomats, like poets, are born and can be made in the classroom no oftener

than eminent writers. Indeed it was as one of this craft that young Hay's education helped to distinguish him among his fellows. He might have recited well what other men had put down in books, for he had an excellent memory, and might have used it to obtain the valedictory which fell to Joseph Gilmore, or Arnold Green's Salutatory, if these were then the rewards of scholarship. But creative work, as distinct from recalling the statements of text-book or lectures, appears to have been the forte of John Hay. His classmates recognised his literary tastes and promise, especially in what is the gift of but one in a thousand penmen, the ability to write pleasing or appealing verse, and therefore they chose him as the poet of the class. The closing lines of his poem were:

"Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days.

Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion,
Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves;
As in the shell the memories of ocean
Murmur forever of the sounding waves."

The title he gave it was "Erato: a Poem." It was 436 lines in length and was published in pamphlet form, but was never included by him in his collected poems.

Of this address to his class Howells wrote forty-seven years later: "To say it was a class poem is sufficiently to characterise it, perhaps; and to add that it was easily better than most class poems is not to praise it overmuch. There was the graceful handling of a familiar measure, and the easy mastery of the forms which a young writer's reading makes his second nature; but it was more than commonly representative of the poet's own thinking and feeling. There was a security of touch in it, though there was not yet the maturity which early characterised his prose, and which is pres-

ent in such marked degree in his paper on Ellsworth, the young captain of Zouaves who fell in the first months of the Civil War."

To his personal characteristics in college tributes have been given by one and another of his twenty-eight classmates. One remembers him as "a comely young man with a peach bloom face, quiet and reserved, with a thoughtful temperament, yet frank, manly, open-hearted, and a most delightful companion, desiring, as in his own words, 'to make all good men his well wishers that some may grow into friends, who are the sunshine of life.'" [4] Another recalls his "singularly modest and retiring disposition; but withal of so winning a manner that no one could be in his presence, even for a few moments, without falling under the spell which his conversation and companionship invariably cast upon all who came within its influence. He was, indeed, to his little circle

[4] Harry T. Dorner.

of intimates, a young Dr. Johnson without his boorishness, or a Dr. Goldsmith without his frivolity." [5]

Another [6] remembers that "he took rank at once among the brightest boys in college, and maintained it with a degree of ease that was the envy of his classmates. In those days all text was memorised, and it was the general opinion that Hay put his books under his pillow and had the contents thereof absorbed and digested by morning, for he was never seen 'digging,' or doing any other act or thing that could be construed into hard study. His quick perception, ready grasp of an idea, and wonderfully retentive memory made a mere pastime of study." Still another [7] pays tribute to his genial disposition manifested as an "impromptu poet and punster, full of rollicking fun. He was the life of social occasions, and his company was in

[5] William L. Stone.
[6] Norris of '57, a townsman of Hay's.
[7] A. S. Chapman in *Century*, 78, 450.

great demand. Yet it was between college and public life that his friends perceived in him an undercurrent of religious feeling, and he appears to have debated the subject of studying for the ministry. When his family wished him to take up the study of law he said to a friend, 'They would spoil a first-class preacher to make a third-class lawyer of me.' "

Another valuable tribute from a living classmate [8] says: "When John Hay entered college he was not far from seventeen years of age. He had rosy cheeks, keen dark eyes deeply set, long auburn hair cut off squarely around his neck, and a well developed head upon a slender body; he was about five feet five inches in height. His voice had no nasal twang but was rich and musical, while his speech and demeanour betrayed the child of a home of refinement. He made no haste to form acquaintances and seemed shy and reserved while keenly

[8] Solon W. Stevens.

observant of the manners of others. We all learned to respect and admire him, and in the course of time, in some instances, acquaintance ripened into close friendship. In his student days, John Hay was not an ideal, patient, persistent college grind; he did not need to be, for nature was lavish with her gifts at his birth. He was a genius, not erratic, but well poised and balanced. He could grasp and retain the substance of a lecture or lesson with ease. His mind was like a sponge, absorbing everything at the touch, but the matter could not be squeezed out unless he was willing to let it go. He cared but little for college honours, and was no contestant for prizes. He was not particularly brilliant in Greek and Latin classics, and was indifferently fond of mathematics. In the rhetoric courses and along the lines of English Literature he was easily the leader of the class. Professor James B. Angell records that 'his type of mind was one of great modesty and of

marked brilliancy. I used to say he was the best translator I ever had in my class, having extraordinary mastery of the best vocabulary in our tongue, which gives such a charm to all the writings of his maturer life and was easily discernible even then.' He had a poet's temperament, often buoyant, jocular, and witty, and often despondent and sad. In company with a group of congenial spirits he was jolly, companionable, sometimes satirical and always the best of story-tellers, but back of this there was a pathos in his nature which found relief only in felicitous phrases of tenderness and affection. He had the gift of expression, and when he had something to say he said it as a fascinating talker, graceful writer, and charming poet. He was not universally popular with his mates and was familiar with only a few. He was prone to be reticent, exclusive, and shy, but the few who were made happy by his confidence were held in the bonds of the strongest, manly

friendship. He was admired for his genius, and loved for his nobility of character."

The following list of the class of 1858 as printed in the catalogue of that year is of interest as containing well known and remembered names:

Samuel W. Abbott, Roland F. Alger, C. Edwin Barrows, Robert B. Chapman, Edward P. Chase, Edward L. Clark, E. Washburn Coy, James F. De Camp, Howard M. Emerson, J. Henry Gilmore, Robert I. Goddard, Merrick Goldthwait, Arnold Green, Edward M. Gushee, Samuel T. Harris, John M. Hay, Leander C. Manchester, Francis Mansfield, Aaron H. Nelson, Walter B. Noyes, Joseph H. Patten, William B. Phillips, Henry G. Safford, Samuel G. Silliman, J. Lippitt Snow, Solon W. Stevens, William L. Stone, Lyman B. Teft, Samuel Thurber. Hay dropped the Milton from his name later.

In the lists of the other classes are names of

men who became eminent in various occupations, and who in the days when the entire body of students numbered only two hundred must have been better acquainted with their instructors and one another than is now possible.

Before dismissing college matters it may be added that academic honors awaited John Hay in the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred by Western Reserve in 1894, Brown in 1897, Princeton in 1901, Yale in the same year, and by Harvard in 1902, for reasons that will be apparent later in his career.

II

FORMATIVE INFLUENCES

After graduation John Hay took up the study of law with the uncle who had sent him to college then living in Springfield. In three years he had completed his studies and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Meantime an influence had been encompassing him in the midst of his preparation for legal pursuits which was to turn him away from them and give another direction to his life.

Milton Hay's office adjoined that of the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. There were many spare hours in the days before Abraham Lincoln had attained eminence at the bar, and there was considerable going back and forth between the two offices. Besides, Lincoln gave up many evenings to instructing the younger man

with whom he had established cordial relations. His shrewd judgment of character discerned elements that were not needed in the practice of provincial courts. Moreover, he himself was getting involved in the discussion with Stephen A. Douglas of large issues which were going to divide the nation. Hay heard something of them in the law offices and more on platforms here and there throughout the State. In the last year of Hay's law studies, 1860, Lincoln was nominated to the Presidency and his young friend of twenty-two threw himself into the campaign with the devotion which came from personal attachment and belief in qualities which had not yet been revealed even to party leaders so clearly as to himself in the intimacy of daily converse. And when Lincoln was elected to the highest position of responsibility in a time of political uncertainty he took with him, as one of two who should be his most intimate and confidential associates and private

secretaries, the young friend and companion of the three previous years. The other was John G. Nicolay, proprietor and editor of the Pittsfield *Free Press*, who had rendered important political services in the campaign.

For the first few months after class day memories of college life will linger like the strains of a favourite song just finished. John Hay had delivered his class poem and had gone home not to return to Commencement, then held in September. Between the jollity of academic days and the sober work that was before him it was not strange that the versifying habit lingered on, and that the spirit of youth should pervade it. And what themes could be nearer than the stories of river and plain, of the heroes of sand-bars and whisky-bars? They would be as attractive to the tame East as a Wild West show to a New England schoolboy, and the River States would recognise their own children. Therefore when the recent graduate as was his

wont strolled along the banks and over the bluffs of the wide river or over the broader prairie he took what was nearest him, the pilot, and the squatter, the veteran of Vicksburg, Colonel Blood and old Judge Phinn, each intent upon the same "whisky-skin."

There was a homespun belief in Providence in one, a martyr's sacrifice in another, a stand for race freedom in another, and for personal rights—as they understood them—in two more and border promptness in their defence according to the primitive law of the land and custom of the day and country. The six short poems [1] taken together constitute a moving picture of frontier life which has been attractive not only to boys with cowboy dreams of it but to their elders as well, and even to cultivated Europeans. When long years afterward Hay appeared in London his chief interest to men of letters was

[1] "Golyer" and "The Pledge at Spunky Point" were added after the first edition of 1871.

as the author of distinctively American verse, since they chose to connect it with the wild flavour and grotesque wit which they had been accustomed to associate with everything in the new land since the Puritan Period. Nothing else that Hay had done was so pleasing in their sight. The *Academy* quoted with enthusiasm "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches" but forgot to mention the monumental Biography of Lincoln; and the *Spectator* discovered nothing greater than the representative of American humour and its audacious imagination. So of other British critics who hailed Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," as representing Yankee life and literature; which in the decade subsequent to Hay's "Ballads" had moved a little westward, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific, only two thousand miles. But what matter to British comprehension of our national growth since

the war of 1812 when it saw the last of us?

It was once said that after his later literary achievement and his residence abroad Hay himself became ashamed of these windfalls. On the contrary as late as 1903 he remarked to a friend, George Cary Eggleston, "that he was prouder of that very human verse than of anything else he had ever done." [2] As to the priority of Hay's Ballads over Harte's, Mark Twain took pains to settle the question in 1905, when he wrote:

"Mr. Hay told me in 1870 or '71 that they were written and printed in back country papers, before Harte's.[3] When his began to sweep the country the noise woke Hay's buried waifs and they rose and walked." Harte thus advertised Hay better than he could do it him-

[2] *Current Literature* 39: 132.

[3] Osgood published the Ballads in the spring of 1871 collected from various periodicals. *Century* 70: 792. The "Heathen Chinee" was published in the *Overland Monthly* in Aug. 1870. A few months later the Ballads appeared.

self. Hay was not pleased to be called an imitator of his successor in ballad writing.[4] It is one of the uncertainties of contemporary testimony that Clemens in the article of which the preceding is a fragment said, that it was true that in later life Hay wished people to forget the Ballads. If this is true it may be another parallel instance of regrets that early products survive to the injury of later achievement, as in the case of eminent writers who have begun as humourists; Harte himself being an example whose "Heathen Chinee" was fished out of a waste basket one day when there was an insistent demand for "copy" and nothing else to meet it. It made louder calls for more, which higher verse could not drown. So he wrote the "Outcasts," the "Luck," and the rest of mining-camp ballads until England absorbed him as the poet of native Americanism, and considered that classic verse was the prerogative of Great

[4] *Harper's Weekly*, Oct. 21, 1905.

Britain. Of both Hay and Harte, and perhaps Lowell, it was true that they could furnish diverse wares but could not control the market; and that there is no accounting for tastes except by the freaks that seize upon the best regulated minds as a relief from their constant regulation, a cropping out of aboriginal instincts and a reversion to primitive type. Whatever both these pioneer poets of the frontier may have thought of their wild whimsies in maturer years they were started by them on other lines more satisfactory to themselves if less amusing to others.

Hay soon found that he had a reputation which he must live up to, but not in the manner of Pike County. In the entrance upon a larger life with President Lincoln his outlook became suddenly national and cosmopolitan, and so did his verse. He had written his "Prairie," the last of the kind, three years before—unless the two additional ballads be included. Then must have followed "Crows at Washington,"

"The Advance Guard," "Liberty," "When the Boys Come Home," "Northward," "God's Vengeance," "Guy of the Temple,"—war songs in as many moods, inspired by what he saw in camp and field. They were a notable advance from the Ballads and symbolic of the change that new associations had wrought in an impressionable spirit.

The significance of these associations and the removal from a law office to the executive mansion would be great to a young man of twenty-three at any time, but there were features of this transfer that had more than common importance. The prospect in his Illinois home was for nothing better than slow arrival at such success as his uncle had attained in the local court of a country town. Even the office of Lincoln and Herndon was not so crowded with clients that there was no time to talk politics and tell a story. But the tidal wave of Northern sentiment about the great issue of the century which

had been rising for forty years swept around that office and carried one of its occupants to the Capitol to be a nation's leader in the critical period of its existence. Its life was as uncer tain as that of the new leader on his guarde way to Washington. Nor was he insensible of the sudden elevation which had come to him in the call to the throne, so far as there was a throne in a great republic. His farewell to his townsmen as he spoke to them from his car at the then dingy station was his last farewell as he passed to immortal fame.

What occurred to the country lawyer and politician happened in a degree proportioned to his age and experience to the young man he took with him. He too was to be at the nerve centre of the nation in its fever and delirium; to know something of its statesmen, its chieftains, its soldiery; its policy, its business, its diplomacy. How far beyond the little opportunities of his Sangamon County! It was the year of

Europe, worth a cycle of Cathay. But better than this was the opportunity of daily converse with the man who was growing in wisdom and strength and fortitude with the weeks and months of thought and suffering. The processes by which one conclusion after another was reached and one step after another taken could not have escaped Hay's observation. Nor could the foresight, self-control, and patience of his chief and the nation's be unknown to the intimate friend of Lincoln.

It was a great opportunity for a recent graduate. His early duties were monotonous and tiresome as an amanuensis and copyist, but the papers he transcribed were in some instances material for future historians and must have been a part of his own education for the larger career which was before him. Nevertheless he had fond memories of his old home in those first weeks and wrote to a townsman who had spoken of the dulness of Warsaw: "Warsaw

dull? It shines before my eyes like a social paradise compared with this miserable sprawling village [of Washington] which imagines itself a city because it is wicked, as a boy thinks he is a man when he smokes and swears. I wish I could by wishing find myself in Warsaw. . . . I never before was so anxious to see it or so reluctant to leave it. It is a good thing to go home. I seem to take on a new lease of life, to renew a fast fleeting youth on the breezy hills of my home. I feel like doing a marvellous amount of work when I return, and the dull routine of every-day labour is charmingly relieved by vanishing visions of grand rivers, green hills, and willowy islands that float in between me and my paper. And sometimes the pen will drop from tired hands and the desk will disappear and the annoyances of the chancery court will be forgotten in dreams of happy days in the old home, lit with eyes and melodi-

ous with the voices of those who are and ever have been

A' the world to me—

You know the rest."

It is not easy to understand this attack of homesickness in a young man who had been away from home during three academic years unless there was an unmentioned object of attachment alluded to in the last four words. But this must be left between the two friends.

A junior secretary would be likely to have laborious days in the early years of the war when business was of many kinds at the executive mansion. No doubt there is enough to do in peaceful times, but an active and increasing army brought its cares and correspondence to the commander-in-chief and his official assistants as well as to the Secretary of War. Moreover, the President had need of information direct from one quarter and another which had

not been coloured by media through which it had passed on its way to Washington and to send messages without their falling into hostile hands. He must have a confidential friend in the field. The one he knew best and could trust most was at his elbow. Accordingly John Hay received the title of Colonel on General Hunter's staff and was in the field on special service, although remaining an assistant secretary until the President's assassination. He thus came to have an intimate acquaintance with the entire situation at the Capitol and in every part of the country better than any other man of his years in all the land.

Later, at Stanton's suggestion, Lincoln appointed Hay an assistant adjutant general, and he served in that capacity for some time in the field. On one occasion he was sent on a mission which had its embarrassing features, however it should result.

Horace Greeley in the summer of 1864 de-

cided that he could end the war if he could negotiate peace with Southern emissaries who were in Canada, and worried the President into appointing him as a sort of envoy extraordinary, against his judgment but for politic reasons. With him, however, he sent Hay as his own representative to Niagara where the conference was to be held. It turned out as Lincoln anticipated, a fool's errand on Greeley's part, who would have preferred to be sole witness of his own failure. It was years before he forgave Hay his companionship. If peace had been made on the terms Greeley was willing to offer or to accept both he and Hay would have received the malediction of the entire North. Greeley may have recalled this fiasco in subsequent years when his presidential aspirations were dampened; but Hay does not appear to have suffered, doubtless because of his representing an unwilling executive who had no sympathy with the great editor's compromising

scheme, a man whose newspaper ability far exceeded his statesmanship.

Recognition of Hay's worth during his four years' association with Lincoln had not been confined to the President. As Secretary of State, Seward had seen much of the young messenger who had won his elder's kindly regard and sincere respect. Accordingly after the war was over he sent for him and offered him a place in the Legation at Paris which happened to be vacant. It was an opportunity to see a larger world and international business. Before he could take his departure from the man who had been as a father to him the companionship of seven years at home and in Washington was abruptly ended by the assassin's bullet.

Hay and Robert Lincoln were chatting in one of the rooms of the White House on the fatal Friday night. As soon as they heard the sad tidings they hurried to the house opposite

Ford's Theatre where the President had been carried and were in the room when he died. Next to the calamity to the son was the weight of it to the young man who had been as a son to Abraham Lincoln. He had lost his best friend and counsellor; also his position with the change in administration. It was fortunate that the Department of State had provided for him.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the years with President Lincoln to the young man of his choice. He saw what was hidden from many under a drollery assumed to cover heaviness of heart. The depths of its anxiety and gloom were known to the companion of wakeful hours. His vision of an honest mind and compassionate heart was clear and the impress of a great soul moulded the life that was to carry out the principles and purposes of his foster-father.

The Legation at Paris was Hay's primary

school in diplomacy for two years, in which time he also acquired a speaking knowledge of the French language as a medium of international communication. They were years of study in many branches. When he returned home Seward's eyes were still upon him and the estimate of his fitness for a foreign post so high that he sent in his name as Minister to Sweden; but Johnson, who had turned Democrat, had uses for all vacancies. There was one at Vienna, however, in the gift of the Secretary of State and thither Hay was sent as chargé d'affaires. It was a third-class mission, to be sure, but it was the next step in an orderly progress toward better positions. The city itself was an admirable place in which to study diplomacy. Notable treaties had been concluded there and important questions settled, as between Charles VI and the Infanta of Spain concerning the kingdom of the two Sicilies; between Napoleon and the Austrians

after their defeat at Wagram; the Great Congress of Vienna met to order the affairs of Europe after Napoleon's overthrow and to restore to each kingdom such a share of power as each could get in the redistribution after the Corsican's disturbance of the diplomatic game. These are but a fraction of the conferences which have been held in the Austrian capital—a modern city upon ancient foundations—the history of which would be an education in diplomatic art; as its industries, its galleries, its museums, its university founded in the fourteenth century, a public hospital—the largest in Europe—are all so many educational influences to an open mind. What they were to this young man of twenty-five, holding a place that commanded entrance to everything worth his while, can best be understood by those who have occupied similar positions in their early manhood. Something can be gathered from the successive portraits that were secured from

time to time and have been reproduced. Each one shows an added experience of more than common advantages, of which the continuous phase is a serene self-command and the knowledge of large affairs.

After two years in Austria he was transferred to Spain in 1869. It was not a promotion, but the change brought new opportunities and those attractions which have appealed to one and another of the cultivated representatives of the nation from Irving onward to Hardy. To each one there have been new features to portray and new scenes to depict. They have not been discouraged by the "Alhambra" and its early successors. Hay himself with his love of letters and delight in composition could not resist the inspiration of Spain's scenery and history, its social and political life. Its art and its architecture, its palaces and cottages, its castles on mountains and in the air, its halls and its homes, its cities

and villages, its nobles and peasants, all had their charm for him. Therefore when spring blossomed he began to write a series of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which were published in a book five years later, now known as "Castilian Days." It was the evening pastime of a ready writer, noting the high lights of the present with its unchanging inheritances from the past. The old had for him the interest of the new because there had been nothing like it in France or Austria. Madrid he found more cosmopolitan than the rest of the peninsula, since every province was represented and every government had its official at the capital; but aside from politics and public affairs a family and social life not over-strenuous had their pleasant contrasts to the laborious haste of American days and nights. Nobody was in a hurry and there was always time for a nap and a cigar. Frugality permitted leisure, and idleness was to all better than wages earned,

unless in a government position on five hundred a year.

The most noticeable characteristic of the nation, pervading all its provinces and habits of life, he found to be its changeless conformity to ancient custom. The people live and act according to the traditions that have been maintained for centuries. It matters not if the reasons for doing something and for the particular way of doing it have been superseded by better things and ways beyond the Pyrenees or over-sea; this is the only procedure in the Peninsula because it was the only one in the Dark Ages. The watchman called the hours and let in residents at his convenience in the days of Charles the Sixth and Philip the Third, therefore he continues to make neighbours wait their turn in his inconsequential absence and no complaint is made. A contractor from England brought wheelbarrows with him: the men poised them on their heads, twirled the wheels

a while and then went for their baskets to carry sand as their ancestors had for a thousand years. Mules are driven tandem through the streets because ages ago these were narrow. The Spaniard's signature is the flourish at the end of it, a fashion dating from the time when he could write nothing more. When a hundred years since some people who had seen cleaner cities tried to have Madrid deodourised, the savants of the city reported that the air from the mountains was so clear that it needed the admixture of reeking streets to fit it for human breathing. It is probable that they would have missed the indoor savour of their homes; for as the heathen Moors washed daily a Christian ought to bathe next to never. So when the cleanly infidels were driven out of Granada the abominations of the public baths were destroyed. Highborn ladies preferred to varnish their countenances with the white of an egg to washing them. These are instances of con-

servatism which belong to externals. A deeper conformity to belief and ceremony held the nation in a grasp as unflinching as its instruments of the Inquisition. In Church and State there was the same looking backward. The King stuck to his precedents and the clergy to their ceremonies and both held together against heretics as the fathers had. There was no new thing in all the land. An unquestioning credulity and blind service were all. Out of these sprung the honour that did not mean honesty even but only fidelity to king and priest. Virtue was a thing of expediency. Self-conceit and readiness to quarrel on any occasion completed the Spaniard's outfit. He could live on his pride and the Church would save his soul if he left it to her and her bidding, asking no questions. If he did not do it another provision would be made for him in a damp or very dry place, by rack or fire. Philip the Second and his monks had a dance of death to-

gether for ten years when 40,000 were killed, but not a heretic remained. Yet his people loved Philip and upheld him.

This tradition of royal supremacy and priestly authority Hay thought would lose its grip upon the nation, but it still has the underhold. Politics has a better hope.

Other features of Spanish life had a passing interest for him, mingled with revulsion sometimes, as at bull fights. He found the feast-days of the saints and the idle days of the people a pleasant contrast to the strenuous life he had left at home, and the simple enjoyments of the populace full of colour and merriment. Higher diversion awaits those who gather the harvest of art in the matchless galleries of Madrid and Seville, whose inheritance descended from the days when a flood of gold swept art treasures from all sides to remain long after the gold had vanished. The greatest collection in the world, it cannot be sur-

passed until it is itself broken up. It is equally great in the eminence of the masters who have contributed to its wealth. Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Valasquez, and Murillo have left their legacies here, the single oasis in a desert of gloomy memories and an island in a sea of blood.

After art, architecture left its unworldly impressions linked with the higher reaches of faith and hope, as the cathedral of Toledo, or with denials, as the unadorned Escorial, built amid the desolation of a cinder field. The Miracle Play called him back to the Middle Ages and primitive instruction; the proverbs of an unlettered folk were the homely wisdom that had grown in nutshells for ages, but not largely in the nation's literature. Cervantes secured a pilgrimage to Alcalá one summer day, the home of Ximenez' great university with its eleven thousand students in the sixteenth century, and what is of more consequence, the birthplace of

the author of "Don Quixote," where a tired old man, living upon a crust tossed to him by one Don Lemos in this garret and that, wrote the one book that stands for Spanish literature for most readers and then left a weary world with Shakespeare on the 23d of April, 1616.

In the closing chapters the author comes down from Spain's lugubrious past to observe its legislature in 1870 and contrast it with the way it used to be governed by monk and monarch. It was a field-night when there was to be some oratory and more talk over a bill "of the character which your true Spaniard loathes and scorns. It is a bill for raising money. Of course a parliament of office-holders recognise the necessity of the treasury being filled. But they usually prefer to let the Finance Minister have his own way about filling it, theirs being the more seductive task of emptying it. So that financial matters are usually discussed in the inspiring presence of

empty benches. But to-nigh[illegible]ıvailable man is in his place. The gov[illegible].s greatly alarmed in regard to the passage of the bill."

The air of antiquity which hangs about everything Spanish is found in its modern assembly when "Ruiz Gomez, evidently fresh from the reading of a *Congressional Globe* of thirty or forty years ago, rebuked Mr. Castelar for his apathy in financial matters, informing him that to-day, in the United States, Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Madison are much more interested in questions of tariff and slavery compromise than in Michael Angelo and the Parthenon!" One can imagine the difficulties besetting the American Legation in dealing with such a government in 1870 and later. But its retrospective habit, like the customs of the people, furnished endless amusement to a man whose sense of humour was as keen as Mr. Hay's, as his own expression of it affords continual and delightful surprises to his reader,

breaking out as the story runs on like flashes along an electric trolley-wire. Of an energetic gesticulator in this debate who was hammering a mahogany table he said, that the Ministry yielded to his argument—to save the furniture.

He has a few informative sentences on the absence of conscience in political Spain. Not only will evil be done that good may come but infamies will be committed to attain equally infamous ends. To dissimulate is wisdom, candour is folly, and to speak what is in one's mind is idiocy. Insincere themselves, they expect falsehood from others. A Spanish Minister was disgraced for believing John Tyler telling the truth in the interest of Spain and slavery. The wiseacres of Madrid were confident that he wanted to steal Cuba. In discharging obligations also the American has an opinion of the nation that must have reminded him of an occasional acquaintance at home. "They will at first deny the debt, they will

next make an argument on the law, and they will end by silence and shameless delay. The bayonet is not always a sufficient persuader. They would often rather fight than pay." With a dishonest government robbing them at every turn the people take care that it shall get as little as possible, and he is greatest among them who can smuggle best. So with lack of principle in rulers and of faith in the masses, the political life of the nation stagnates, while its religious life was paralysed by the axe and rack of the sixteenth century. It will be long in recovering.

With a chapter on the Necessity of the Republic closes a most interesting book upon Spain. It has the deliberation that cannot be looked for in a tourist hurrying from city to city. The author living among the people, accredited by his own government, saw phases of society and aspects of diplomacy which the traveller would be obliged to pass over. Be-

sides, the story is told with fairness to the nation's past and fidelity to what was its present forty-four years ago. It is good literature as well as faithful description.

III

LITERARY LABOURS

In 1870 Mr. Hay resigned his place with the Spanish Legation and sailed for New York. Whitelaw Reid, who had been a war correspondent in Hay's Washington days, had risen to become managing editor of the *Tribune*. He knew of his friend's expected arrival and meeting him at the landing took him to the Union League Club to dine. There he must have learned of Hay's purpose to practise law in Illinois. If he had other plans for his friend he was not likely to announce them then and there. He proposed an after-dinner stroll down to the *Tribune* office. Looking over the telegrams he found an important despatch. The foreign editor happened to be away and he turned to Hay and said, "Sit down and write

a leader on this for to-morrow." He could not well refuse. The article was good enough to pass with Horace Greeley, his adversary out of the Canadian episode of six years before. Mr. Reid asked him to stay a week, a month, and then to be one of the editors. And so Mr. Hay was diverted from his home and law to New York and journalism. The place came to him without seeking when he had other purposes. He kept it when there was the editor-in-chief's antagonism to overcome. He conquered by the excellence of his work and held Mr. Greeley's friendship till the day of the latter's death. He used to say that Hay was the most brilliant writer who had ever entered the office. For the benefit of all brilliants, recalling Greeley, it should be added that his manuscript was a model of neatness and legibility.

The appointment on the *Tribune* staff of a man without the experience by which such a position is obtained was a testimony to singular

ability. It could not be a warrant of success that he had lived at the White House or in foreign courts. Nor is journalism a matter of verse or description. In Hay's instance it was a phase of the versatile talent which could be employed in many directions with similar success. Already it appeared as if his achievement was to be in the field of literature, despite the practical affairs of daily life and the problems of politics which demanded his attention in newspaper work.

It is probable at that time that he regarded the opportunities of journalism which were offered him in 1870 as of more value than any literary openings presented. Horace Greeley had made his paper a great power in the North. Thousands of people had waited for the daily or weekly *Trybune*, as they called it, not only for information but for their opinions on public affairs. Its circulation was immense, its influence powerful during the war years. But

when Hay joined the staff there was need of fresh forces to hold the paper to its traditions. Greeley was looking for the presidential prize at the hands of the Democratic party, and in 1872 received the nomination in opposition to General Grant, but failed of election, and died in November of that year. The *Tribune* had an opportunity to recover its standing under the surviving management, who saw not only its privilege but the need of improving it.

To John Hay his five years of service afforded the means of acquaintance with the leading men of the time. Everything worth knowing came into the ear of the nation hour after hour; its ruling ideas and characters were weighed and values were assigned with the fearlessness that impersonality gives. And yet the performance of the anonymous writer also was known by those who were behind the screens, and sometimes by outsiders, who managed to convey their appreciation to the secluded penman.

He soon became recognised as a brilliant editor and secured a wide and influential acquaintance among the men who had come into prominence since the war. Statesmen, diplomatists, jurists, scientific men, and authors—representatives of all classes that have a word with the public through the press—came into his field of observation from the right side and the wrong side, affording views not always intended.

In the last year of Mr. Hay's connection with the *Tribune*, 1875, he married Miss Stone, the daughter of Mr. Amasa Stone, a man of wealth in Cleveland, Ohio. The following year he removed to Ohio, where he engaged in business. This was another change of occupation, this time in a direction which he would not have chosen as the line of least resistance, but his usual adaptability served him and the interests intrusted to him for four years. During this period of waiting for something suited to his capacities he made the acquaintance of a

group of men who made Ohio a ruling State in the Union. Garfield, Hayes, McKinley, Hanna, and others were friends worth having, who would not be likely to overlook merit because it was modest when the day for its recognition should arrive. Mr. Hayes was the first to reach the presidential chair and chose Mr. Evarts as his Secretary of State, who had Frederick Seward as his assistant until failing health compelled his resignation.

In looking for a successor it was agreed by the principals that John Hay was the one man for the place. It was difficult to persuade him to accept it. At first he declined, but after an interview with Mr. Reid he consented, and served the Department of State throughout the remainder of Mr. Evarts' term. He took lessons in diplomacy at close range, which would be useful to him by and by. Possibly he was coming on as fast as he wished to. He was only thirty-eight; he had no need of the

salary; he was well established in Washington, where he had built an elegant house; and there were others who had made sacrifices for the party and expected a share in the distribution of spoils. If the chief position in the Cabinet had fallen to him it would have been a recognition of unadulterated worth hardly to be expected after the disputed election of 1876, when William M. Evarts was the principal counsel for the Republican party before the Electoral Commission which decided for Hayes instead of Tilden by 185 to 184, although Tilden's plurality of the popular vote was 250,970 over Hayes.

His successor, Mr. Garfield, desired Mr. Hay as a confidential adviser who should not be hampered with the responsibilities of office in the Cabinet, but should give his counsel with regard to the duties of the Executive. A private secretaryship alone could comprehend such service. It did not appeal to Mr. Hay's

sense of personal independence in the presidential chair, modified by the opinions of the Cabinet alone. Garfield had said that he had no pride of opinion, and if his Cabinet could control him let them do so. At the same time he sought for ability in his advisers rather than harmony alone among them.

There was always a call for John Hay on the right hand and on the left. It was a question which was the louder. There was no doubt which was the more constant and continuous. Diplomacy, like all public service, was a thing of administrations. If Tilden, for instance, had been allowed his popular majority Hay would not have been appointed a Democratic Secretary of State's assistant. His ability would have been overlooked. That was at the disposal of political fortune and our electoral system. Possibly, therefore, he regarded his diplomatic talent as Milton did his prose—a left-hand accomplishment. At

least it was this in the uncertainty of its employment, though not in its exercise.

On the other hand, there was the impulse to write. He had known what this was for twenty years. For five years he had known its most exacting exercise in the demands of a daily journal. Accordingly, when the call came again from the *Tribune* office, this time to the chair of the editor-in-chief, he knew what were the demands of the position, its responsibilities, and its rewards. For one thing, a salary of $5,000, which was considered large at the time, but as he had no need of it possibly he valued more other compensations of a less material nature such as come to the editor of a metropolitan journal and have already been enumerated in part. Added to these is a dictatorship whose influence extends far beyond the office, where a word is dropped of suggestion, caution, or direction, to ripple

out in widening circles over a whole nation.

Whatever the attractions which journalism had for Hay there was always before him one great purpose which he had regarded as something more than a literary undertaking. It could not have been long after the death of Lincoln that his foster-son determined to write his life, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, that before this it was determined while Lincoln was alive that his life should be written by those who were best qualified. He could see that many would undertake so promising a theme; he knew that no one better than himself could present the Lincoln of the Republic. Yet there were circumstances which made it advisable that this privilege be shared with another in such a way that his work could not be identified by an ordinary reader. At

[1] Newspaper work after all was only moderately attractive to Mr. Hay. He used to say to younger men that "Journalism is a good mistress but a bad wife."

best it would be an undivided half, of a monumental tribute, to be sure, but like all collaboration, with blurred borders and blended masses of colour and fabric. Mr. Nicolay might naturally have the same consciousness of surrender, but the sacrifice was for both; or rather it was made that the friend of both, who had taken them with him to be his daily companions for four years, should lose nothing that either could contribute to a worthy memorial. The preface to the ten volumes is a frank declaration of their joint work. There are separate sections written by each, but no key to the distribution except such internal evidence as a shrewd critic may discover. Every means that mutual revision could furnish was applied to the text, and every pains taken to prevent the reader from saying, Lo, here is Nicolay, and Lo, there is Hay. Sometimes the wish must have come to both that the credit of so great an achievement might fall to one of them, since

one-half the labour would have brought either more than half the renown. Therefore it is to their greater glory that each sank his identity in making a composite portrait which is the more excellent for the work of both.

Its publication began as a serial in the *Century* Magazine in November, 1886, and closed early in 1890. The authors said of it: "We began to prepare for it in war years and for the execution of the plan after return from Europe. We have devoted to it almost twenty years of almost unremitting assiduity; we have aimed to write a sufficiently full and absolutely honest history of a great man and a great time, and we claim that there is not a line in all these volumes dictated by malice or unfairness. We have derived the greatest advantage from the suggestions and corrections which have been elicited during the serial publication and beg to make our sincere acknowledgments to the hundreds of friendly critics who have fur-

nished us with valuable information. . . .

"We knew Mr. Lincoln intimately before his election to the Presidency. We came from Illinois to Washington with him, and remained at his side and in his service—separately or together—until the day of his death. His correspondence, both official and private, passed through our hands; he gave us his full confidence. We had personal acquaintance and daily official intercourse with Cabinet Officers, Members of Congress, Governors, and Military and Naval Officers of all grades whose affairs brought them to the White House. It is with the advantage, therefore, of a wide personal acquaintance with all the leading participants of the war, and of perfect familiarity with the manuscript material, and also with the assistance of the vast bulk of printed records and treatises which have accumulated since 1865, that we have prosecuted this work to its close.

"We are aware of the prejudice which ex-

ists against a book written by two persons, but we feel that in our case the disadvantages are reduced to the minimum. Our experiences, our observations, our material, have been for twenty years not merely homogeneous—they have been identical. Our plans were made with thorough concert; our studies of the subject were carried on together; we were able to work simultaneously without danger of repetition or conflict. Each has written an equal portion of the work; the text of each remains substantially unaltered. It is in the fullest sense, and in every part a joint work. Whatever credit or blame the public may award our labours is equally due to both."

In the history of literature there have been many collaborated works, but none more interesting than this in the association of two young men with the greatest man of their time, in the most critical period of a nation's life, with the early design of writing a monumental biog-

raphy, and the constant preparation during ten years, and the continuous labour of ten years more in writing it. The ten volumes which resulted are a fitting memorial to their subject and a worthy testimonial to their writers.

It would be gratifying to be able, for the present purpose, to attribute them all to Mr. Hay, but if his half only had been published the world would have said that it was an achievement sufficient for the literary renown of any biographer. However, it is not a work to be estimated by its volume alone. Its quality makes it a classic. It was received as such by the best criticism at the time of its publication. Qualifications had to be found in order to establish critical acumen, but they gathered around the question of how far history and biography should blend in such a work. In this instance it was impossible not to have a background of events on which a person who was the leading actor in them should be portrayed.

And if there were to be reasonable limits to the biography of this leader, the liability would be extreme to neglect other men who had a large share in affairs military and civil. So also other writers might have given more space to some topics and less to others, to the possible disproportion of a story which had the judgment of two instead of one. Taken all together the consensus of opinion pronounced the work a most valuable contribution to the historical and biographical literature of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the best endorsement of this general opinion is the primacy the work continues to hold a quarter of a century after its publication, when the subject of it has not ceased to interest writers, as it probably will not for a century to come. It will be a genius, or a pair of surpassing ability, who will supplant this standard biography.

In addition to his poems, the "Castilian Days," and his half of the "Life of Lincoln"

there were waifs and estrays which ought not to be overlooked because they were scattered along the years. There was the paper on Ellsworth, the young captain who fell among the first victims of the Civil War, a personal tribute of the kind which admiring friendship can give with justice amidst the restraint and reserve of grief. "The Mormon Prophet's Tragedy" belongs to the frontier life which so many have attempted to depict and so few have faithfully portrayed, but which is delineated with masterly accuracy by one whose sympathies were with his people of the plains. Then there was "The Breadwinners," which met with exceptional success, but was never acknowledged by him nor yet positively denied, his first and last venture in fiction —an early note of the coming springtime of social betterment, or a herald voice of trial by combat between forces now mustering.

In all these adventures with pen and ink he gave proof in diverse ways that if he had chosen

authorship as a sole profession he would have attained an eminence of which his friends would have been proud. As it was, he seemed in several periods to be looking with interest at the hand which pointed down the Writers' Road, and to be contemplating the delights of creative work, of undisturbed occupation, and even of modified gratification in reflections which criticism produces, like a prism with greater or less divergence by refraction. For those who are pleased with his verse, or diverted by his essays, or above all absorbed in the chapters of his tribute to Lincoln there will always be regrets that the heritage of his production was not greater, that the best of what he did leave is practically anonymous; and that if it should ever be otherwise the water-mark of partnership must be stamped upon it by his own choice. More books, however, there could not be, because as he looked down the path of Literature there was another on the other hand marked Di-

plomacy. He was not strongly inclined to take it; he certainly did not seek it for its emoluments. It seemed rather to bend towards him and to draw him down its vistas with irresistible attraction. Still, it was not a strange departure from the current of his life. He had already served an apprenticeship in Paris, Vienna, and Madrid as Secretary of Legation. He had also seen the home side of foreign relations under President Hayes as Assistant Secretary of State within the period of writing the Life of Lincoln, in which he had taken an increasing interest in national affairs. But on account of political awards to be distributed the full Secretaryship of State could not be assigned him just yet. It was well for him to be allowed to finish his share of Lincoln's Life in peace.

Before his work was completed a Democratic President was elected, and of course a Secretary of State belonging to the same party was at the head of that Department for the next four

years. The Republican President Harrison, who succeeded Mr. Cleveland, said that Hay was a good fellow but there was no politics in him, had his friends to consider during his single term of office, as did his immediate predecessor and successor when he attained to a second term. It was 1896 when it expired and Mr. Cleveland surrendered the presidency to Mr McKinley.

IV

DIPLOMACY

William McKinley was one of the good friends with whom John Hay was associated during his five years' residence in Cleveland, Ohio. He had been in Congress for seven terms from 1876 to 1891, when he was elected Governor of his native State and again in 1893. By 1896 he had attained to the Presidency. During his years in Washington the friendship between the two became intimate. In the days of democratic administration, Mr. Hay believed that his friend would be the next candidate and that he would be successful. And John Hay would have been Secretary of State if William McKinley had not incurred political obligations which must be met by first-class awards in Washington. There was, however, a vacancy

in the London Embassy, and no one was so well qualified to fill it as his friend Hay. Accordingly he was sent to the Court of St. James, and thus made the head of the diplomatic corps abroad.

At once he had an opportunity to meet a difficult situation. The Spanish war had broken out in the first term of McKinley's administration. All Europe was inclined to recommend America to confine herself to her own coasts and let foreign peoples alone.[1] Even in England the upper classes became unfriendly after the destruction of the *Maine*, to some extent, if not to the degree of hostility manifested in the Civil War. That the Continental Powers could not draw England into a joint demonstration off the Cuban coast was largely due to the diplomacy of the United States' Ambassador. Much also was due to his personality.

[1] On the features of our international position see Chapter viii of "American Foreign Policy by a Diplomatist," p. 183.

He was no stranger in a strange land. In England and at home he had met men distinguished in letters and politics who were ready to welcome him with cordial approval. He was familiar with the usages of hall and court, of legislation and diplomacy. His quick judgment and unfailing tact reached beyond regulated observance to the emergencies of every occasion and valuable friendships multiplied. Even Her Majesty exchanged an autograph and photograph for his photograph and autograph.

The value of diplomacy to a nation is variously estimated even in the halls of Congress. The hasty judgment of the unthinking is apt to regard it as an office to be filled by persons who have missed of promotion at home or whose presence there is as inconvenient to rulers as was that of "Junius" or Sir Philip Francis when he was sent to India to fill a position of honour and profit to himself for the peace of

George III and his Ministry. Only a few now believe that "an ambassador is a clever man sent abroad to lie for his country," according to Sir Henry Wotton, and still fewer that he is honourably expatriated for the good of his native land. These are as antiquated views of diplomacy as those formulated by Ancillon and Count de Garden for the necessity of it, based on the conviction that "whoever can do us harm, wishes, or will sometime wish, to injure us and is our natural enemy, and whoever can injure our neighbour is our natural friend. These are the pivots upon which all international intercourse turns." With this belief goes the dogma that injury consists in taking away territory and trade, power or position on the one hand, or on the other that advantage arises from expansion and acquisition, commercial prosperity and a higher place in the parliament of the nations. No higher principle is here implied than a supreme regard by nations for their interests,

and the chief concern of governments is to guard and promote them. Reduced to its plainest terms the formula is to be written in the simple and undiplomatic words, Keep what you have got and get what you can.

The earliest means employed by neighbouring tribes was war; the next, conference. "My neighbour's land belongs to me because I have eaten him," said the primitive man of the Pacific Isles, and his peaceful successor answered his confessor's exhortation to forgive his enemies,— "Bless your soul, I have no enemies: I have killed them all." This was the short and easy method of the strong with the weak until a stronger came into the field. When he did, the weaker cast about for some less perilous method of adjusting differences and sent messengers to arrange terms satisfactory to the stronger. By the sixteenth century it was found convenient to keep embassies in residence at foreign courts to speak for their home governments without delay

and to observe indications of hostility that might arise. More and more as the centuries passed diplomacy came to be a science, strategic largely, but gradually making for good understanding and peace, with war as a last resort.

Until 1896 the United States had dealings with foreign powers as an isolated republic, having no interests abroad beyond those of commerce, and with nothing alien to interfere with American policy at home except Florida, the vast Louisiana territory, and later the proximity of Spanish conditions in Cuba, which were bad enough to demand interference in the name of humanity and good neighbourhood. But in undertaking this praiseworthy enterprise the government was drawn away from its traditional policy of non-interference with foreign lands and found itself in possession of remote islands in the Orient, once belonging to Spain. The Powers of Europe and the East began to

take notice of the departure by the Republic of the West from its previous attitude. It had become a world-power like themselves and might have to be reckoned with according to their own methods.

Whatever was new in the situation confronted John Hay as Ambassador-in-chief of the United States in Europe. There had been little since the Civil War to perplex our representatives in London, and during the war it was foreign meddling with us as an isolated people attending to its own affairs. But in the next war it was our interference, for good reasons of course, with an ancient kingdom with traditions held sacred by imperialists from the British Channel to the China Sea, and they asked what should be done about the unwonted action of this hermit nation of the West.

To Ambassador Hay it fell to explain at the principal court of the nations what were

the causes of the war with Spain, its purpose, its justification, what would be its satisfactory issue, and final adjustments. The reception his explanation received in London would determine largely the sentiment to prevail elsewhere. The story of his two years' residence is a part of diplomatic history, more or less disclosed and understood; but whatever in it is a record of wise management, of honourable dealing, and noteworthy success must be attributed to the skill, prudence, and decision of John Hay. Of his diligence in the nation's business it was remarked by an English statesman that he did twice the work of his predecessors in their longer tenure of office, and of its effect the reply of a prime minister to a suggestion to join in a hostile demonstration off the coast of Cuba may be taken as an indication: "Yes, I have been thinking of this, but in connection with the American fleet." No European government was anxious to med-

dle with the agreement of two Anglo-Saxon countries.

Moreover, this agreement was due more than to anything else to that weight of personal character which enables one to deal with other men in council. Dignity is its outward phase, reserve its inner disposition, but justice and fair-play are qualities which win over greed and power. These considerations always appeal to Englishmen sooner or later, and Mr. Hay was not long in coming to a good understanding with members of the British Government so that he could assure President McKinley of the co-operation of England and of the consequent non-interference of the rest of Europe, and the ultimate success of the undertaking to limit the future career of Spain to its own peninsula. For centuries it had spread its blight over the fairest spaces of the Western World and in tropical isles. From the last of them the pestilence had been swept

by our army and navy; but back of these was the consent of Powers won by the diplomacy of John Hay.

Thus his first important transaction in the domain of the larger politics ended with great honour to himself and with the good will of the nation with which he had dealt. He followed a distinguished company who had represented the country in England from one war to another—Adams, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, —more eminent than English envoys here, but he kept their high standard and, with the exception of the first, under conditions more difficult to meet. As he had won pre-eminence in literature, so now he had added equal distinction in diplomacy, and his honourable name and record were known in every nation. No more distinguished American could be mentioned in public life and none with such a world-wide acquaintance. Never seeking or apparently caring for an elective office, he

seemed to have reached the summit of achievement in the higher ranges of political activity, international instead of merely national, foreign as well as domestic. Yet a still greater distinction awaited him.

In the autumn of 1898 the Secretaryship of State became vacant and President McKinley's way was clear to appoint the best man to the office irrespective of political obligations. The one man, whose education for the position rivalled that of Europeans, trained according to the custom of their countries, was at the Court of St. James. His recall was immediate for promotion to the chief place in the Cabinet, in which he was to achieve still greater eminence and world-wide renown. Directly the Spanish questions following the war met him on the threshold. Diplomatic relations with a nation which had just been compelled to accept defeat required more than ordinary knowledge and tact to re-establish.

Sympathising powers here and there had to be treated with discretion and sometimes with valour. Treaties were to be reconstructed, territory re-distributed, prisoners returned, and new governments ordered with such guarantees of safety and peace as could be given in far-off islands of Eastern seas and with uneasy Cuba and the Western isles near by. If it cannot be truly said that the United States had not been strictly a world-power, there were certainly some wider questions arising than had previously confronted the nation and its Secretaries of State. In the midst of dealing with issues of the Spanish War another came up which required still wider outlook, more careful procedure, and immediate action. A brief restatement of the cause which led to it will recall what was once before the public.

In 1897 the supremacy of America in steel industries began to be looked upon with anxiety by Germany and Russia in their poverty

of ores. Looking for a supply it was discovered, or already known, that an abundance could be found in northern China not far from the coast. To obtain the desirable provinces it would be as impossible to march in and take them as to cut a slice out of a hornets' nest. Accordingly it was suggested that all commercial nations assemble for a wholesale division, each one taking a share of what Germany and Russia left. These two powers, however, were in such haste that their premature aggressions caused the nest to swarm, and in consequence the German minister was murdered on June 20, 1900, the legations attacked, war provoked, with the division of China almost inevitable, industrial occupation by foreigners and the ruin of American enterprise to follow. It looked like a commercial calamity to be warded off; but there were also humanitarian issues to be considered and speedily, for trouble had begun. It was the United States against the kingdoms

of Europe, interested or indifferent, and John Hay to deal with their diplomats. He lost no time in doing this and took them by surprise. In opposition to them all he urged the recognition and assistance of the Chinese Government, which had been put out of commission by internal disorders amounting to anarchy, and incidentally he appealed for the maintenance of peace with China. To make his recommendation effective he proposed that the President send troops to occupy Pekin, to co-operate with the viceroys, and protect legations.

It was a bold stroke with respect to the Powers who were gathering together in contemplated coalition like eagles around the carcase. Some of them had already established themselves in the land. It was also bold with respect to the Chinese who had already repulsed a British admiral. Nevertheless, Pekin was occupied and the legations with their de-

pendants protected. Mr. Hay had averted a serious catastrophe. Then he set about withdrawing one Power after another from the alliance which wished to partition the Celestial Empire among themselves. Gradually the confederacy of vultures dissolved, England and Germany being the last to take their homeward flight. The integral existence of China was assured, and also German competition with the principal American industry was prevented. Of course it had the appearance of a two-sided transaction. It was commendable in that it was such. Diplomacy contemplates material advantages alone, for the most part, and the profit of the diplomat's country. If this is secured its reason for maintenance is justified. But when in addition to this primary object a great service is done for a land threatened with division through the greed of a more powerful government, by the intervention of another nation for its own advantage and inci-

dentally for the "entity" of the weaker, then it is praiseworthy that diplomacy has a double edge. Duplicity is supposed to be its main feature, and to darken counsel with dubious words its chief accomplishment. In this instance, as in all of John Hay's dealings with the diplomats of his time, his speech and writing were so frank, sincere, and direct that the ceremonial equivocators whom he addressed found in his unmistakable communications a quality as new and characteristic as that which had interested them in his literary ventures. It was not European, Asiatic, or Oriental; but it was immediately intelligible and honest, with abounding good sense and loyalty to the principles of the Golden Rule, which appeals to the inmost conscience of even a diplomat.

If, however, there had been in this affair only the single purpose of protecting American interests by insisting upon the unbroken integrity of the Flowery Kingdom, there would

have been a compensatory act in the subsequent remission of a large part of the indemnity to be paid the United States on account of the damages and injuries occasioned by the Boxer outbreak. This return to China of values running into millions was a graceful, generous, and gratuitous deed which was appreciated by its people as better by far than encroachments on their territory for any assumed advantage. A contented race of 425,000,000, largely villagers, quietly pursuing their simple occupations in the ways their ancestors followed them for thousands of years, concerned chiefly with the present life and for their religion worshipping the memory of their forefathers—such a people had no longing for "foreign devils" and their labour-saving machinery, nor even for a religion which looks forward instead of backward. Therefore they have not always hastened to meet the commercial advances of Western enterprise nor the self-sacrificing attempts of mis-

sionaries to show them that the future life is of more consequence than the present or than the past existence of forbears. It was of immense advantage to the nations outside the wall that a breach should be made in it, and some benefit to the mysterious Chinaman will incidentally accrue as the years go by, if invasion and appropriation are conducted wisely. It is certainly profitable for the Occident that the "open door" policy was secured with the consent of the Chinese by the efforts of John Hay when other efforts had failed. To him accordingly must be awarded the praise for this early achievement in his diplomatic career, preparatory to preserving the Kingdom in its entirety, to which the remission of fines for resenting intrusion was a graceful epilogue; not, however, without its grain of justice to a people resentful with at least a granule of reason from their own point of view.

This threefold transaction in the Orient may

be summed up as the achievement of a statesman who opened a sealed door; then with uplifted palm held back a horde ready to rush in and divide the spoils; and finally remitting penalties for a heathen but natural protest against Christian greed and intrusion. It was all to his credit, or whatever was his share in it all, and was appreciated by the simple folk who can understand the spirit of the Golden Rule as well as the plain precepts of Confucius; and the memory of the diplomat who secured an advantage for his own country without injury to another will be cherished with gratitude forever.

In the midst of negotiations in the Orient another matter of paramount interest to this master of diplomacy presented itself in the Occident. If Vasco de Balboa as he stood on the crest of the Isthmus of Darien in September, 1513, did not see a possibility of connecting the ocean he had crossed with the one he

had just discovered, some one did within fifteen years, for Philip II at that time had it in mind, but for reasons of his own forbade that the scheme should be entertained on pain of death. It slept for three centuries, when in 1826 a line was traced across the neck, to be repeated in frequent surveys of different routes by different nations with no result until the French undertook the enterprise under the direction of DeLesseps, who had constructed the Suez Canal. The completion of fourteen miles in nine years, the running out of funds, the purchase of all rights by the United States, the creation of the Republic of Panama after its secession from Colombia, and the completion of the Canal under Colonel Goethals is a well-known story. But the political situation in 1900 had difficulties and obstructions as well as the proposed channel itself, big as Culebra Hill.

One of these was an agreement between the

United States and Great Britain in 1850 that "neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said [Panama] ship canal; nor ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America," with other stipulations to which within three years this country at least wished it had not agreed. For forty years the United States attempted to secure the repeal or modification of this article, but no Secretary of State was successful in his approaches to the English Cabinet. It fell to John Hay to open negotiations, after Congress in 1899 had provided for the construction of a canal, and requested another effort to be made for the abrogation of the above, Clayton-Bulwer, treaty. The discussion of this important measure between Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote, British Ambassador in Washington, and the correspondence with the ministry in London

are matters of diplomatic history not needful to recount at length. Suffice it to remark, that the surrender of guarantees pledged to Great Britain by the Treaty of 1850 was not made by that power with alacrity and eagerness. Joint control of the canal was at length given up, and the right to build it ceded to the United States; but neutrality was demanded and a pledge from the builders to refrain from fortifying it.

This was far from satisfactory to the Senate when the proposed convention came before that body, and the press of the country was loud in its denunciation of the Secretary of State. He was called an incompetent blunderer, an amateur in statecraft, friendly to England in consequence of his residence at Court. If his maligners had been similarly favoured they would have known that a nation does not relinquish its rights in one of the globe's highways all at once to a rival nation.

It was remarkable that Mr. Hay could obtain what no other Secretary had secured. But it was not enough; and while the Senate hammered on the treaty the press pounded the American party to it. Such criticism was as new to Mr. Hay as it was painful. He had done his best with the representative of a conservative government having large commercial and maritime interests. No one could have done better. He got the thanks one sometimes gets for doing his best. However, he did not resign; and when the treaty proposed had been sufficiently amended he wrote a new one, skilfully embodying the amendments in another draft which promptly received the endorsement of the Senate, very much as a man hastens to sign a letter as his own which has been revised and corrected. This he took to the British Ambassador, and after further discussion and negotiation the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was signed twenty-one months after the first agree-

ment between the representatives of the two countries.

It was a noteworthy achievement whose consequences have been growing more apparent year by year as the enterprise made possible by it has progressed toward completion. If, however, it had been a joint affair between even friendly nations of one blood, embarrassments might have arisen to which the exemption from tolls difficulty was but the foreshadowing of a serious misunderstanding. Careful as he was of American interests, Mr. Hay would never have asked for their promotion at the expense of other nations, and no legitimate interpretation of his treaty with England could read such a provision into it.

The same sense of justice toward other powers, combined with insistence upon the rights and privileges of his own, pervades other treaties and conventions and agreements which he was continually making. Moreover, be-

yond the boundaries of mere justice as determined by international law he was always suggesting something in the way of mercy and humanity. He would do away with penalties that were punitive rather than restraining, and urged limiting indemnities in China to actual losses and to the people's ability to pay, and then advocated remission of half the imposed obligation by the United States; an example which other nations were in no haste to follow, but which secured the favour of the Celestials in later agreements, notably in opening the ports of Manchuria to American commerce. So his plea that their rights be respected in the Russo-Japanese War meant more than that trade be undisturbed, since portions of the Empire might have been ground as between two millstones. His virtues of patience and persistence were equally conspicuous upon occasion; as for instance in dealing with Turkey, notorious for its policy of procrastination, in

the matter of claims for the destruction of American property in the Armenian disorders of 1895. As far along as 1898 the Sultan "directed indemnity to be arranged, and sent his compliments to the President of the United States," but had sent no money two years and two months later, when Mr. Hay made another request and insisted upon immediate payment. Four months afterward $95,000 was paid, in accordance with the Ottoman policy of "tomorrow." But by Mr. Hay's horologe this meant "some day." Its pendulum, unlike the poet's clock on the stair, did not say Never, Forever; Forever, Never.

In 1899 it did seem that this Fabian policy was prevailing with respect to the settlement of the Alaskan boundary between American and British possessions. For thirty-two years it had remained undetermined when Mr. Hay obtained a provisional line, for which he was criticised by government supervisors of his

business, whom he patiently tried to reassure, and did silence when four years later he concluded a treaty with Great Britain, establishing the claims of the United States. Other instances of his patience and firmness were manifested in his dealings with Russia from time to time, and with Germany in 1899 about the Samoan Islands and on additional occasions.

There was a constant opportunity for the exercise of tact and decision, patience and foresight, by Mr. Hay, whose treaty-making ability was called into continual requisition. Fifty-eight international agreements were concluded during his administration of the Department of State, many of them the outcome of long and complicated negotiations. Besides, he was frequently engaged in efforts to bring about international arbitration, and was always labouring for the establishment of justice and comity between nations in their dealings with one an-

other. The Monroe Doctrine for America and the Golden Rule for all the world were the ground of his policy. He asked nothing for his own country that he would not concede to another similarly situated, nor for himself that he would not yield to his neighbour. And who was not his neighbour, at home or abroad? Who ever had so many that were glad to call him their friend, from his classmates in college to Prime Ministers next every throne in Europe and the East?

Such services as Secretary Hay performed in the Department of State, with insufficient assistance, were arduous enough to wear upon a robust man in the best of health. This incumbent was not well when he reluctantly consented to come to President McKinley's relief in a critical time.

The first term of laborious service was just over when a crushing blow fell upon Mr. Hay and family in the sudden death of his son,

Adelbert Stone, June 23, 1901, while attending anniversary exercises of his alma mater, Yale. He was twenty-five years of age, had been his father's secretary in London and United States Consul to Pretoria, South Africa, where he proved very efficient and won the esteem of both Boers and British. On his return in 1900 he was appointed assistant secretary to the President.

Then the assassination of his chief and dear friend three months later was another shock which contributed to his decline. Increased duties and graver responsibilities during the administration which was thrust upon Mr. Roosevelt added to burdens and labours which should have been thrown off with a sad opportunity. As he had enlisted for the whole term he felt that he should not desert his post in the day of calamity, especially since his continuance in it was desired.

After Mr. McKinley's death, leaving the

presidency vacant, Mr. Hay would gladly have been released in order to travel, write, and rest. He had plans for literary work to carry out and would have been cheered with the companionship of books and friends. But Mr. Roosevelt drove straight to his house on his arrival in Washington and begged the Secretary to continue in office. Had he not yielded it is probable that the world would have been richer in literature by the harvest of a busy life. But great national interests needed his statesmanship.

Accordingly he stayed on and worked on assiduously, patiently, with anxieties which were more wearing even than the toil, and with waiting which was more annoying than labour. And all the while the silver cord was loosening until the golden bowl was broken. Apprehending a breakdown, he went to Europe in April for change and such rest as the voyage should afford him but returned in June little

benefited. After a short visit to Washington he retired to his summer home on Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire. It was generally supposed that he was convalescing; but a sudden collapse in the morning of July 1, 1905, was followed by his death.

One of his classmates [2] sends the following from a tribute to his memory:

"When I read the announcement of the death of this distinguished man at his beautiful home on Lake Sunapee, and that the casket was conveyed to the railroad station in a plain covered wagon drawn by his favourite white horse through the woods, while the rain was falling in torrents as if the skies would join in mourning for the dead scholar, poet, and statesman, I took from my library the volume of his poems and turning the leaves to the 'Stirrup Cup' I thoughtfully read these pathetic lines:"

[2] Hon Solon Stevens of Winchester, Mass.

Diplomacy

My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands,
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof,
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life,—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands,
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

The burial service was held in the chapel of the Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland. The coffin was carried to the grave during the singing of "Crossing the Bar," one of Mr. Hay's favourite hymns. The President and Vice-President of the United States, members of the McKinley and Roosevelt Cabinets, the British

Ambassador, the Governor of Ohio and many other distinguished men were present. Services were also held in the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, of which Mr. Hay was a devout member and a trustee. The diplomatic corps attended in a body and the most of official Washington. In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, services were conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Gregory, and Archdeacon Sinclair, the edifice being crowded. In Rome also services were held in the American Episcopal Church. Press comment was universal in its commendation of his labours and eulogistic of his career as a statesman and his character as a man. A few representative examples may be given here:

A Southern journal[3] charges the success of two administrations to their Secretary of State and their failures to disregard of his advice, declaring that his most strenuous struggles were

[3] *Atlanta Journal.*

not with foreign courts but with the United States Senate and his defeats were suffered at its hands.

Another paper,[4] comparing him with contemporary ministers of foreign affairs, asserted that he excelled Tittoni, Von Bülow, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Delcassé, and was the greatest foreign minister of his time.

The *London Spectator* remarked: "He was not a politician, never sat in Congress or ran for office, or sought favour of any party leader. His private life is private, courts unostentatious shadows, is unknown to the masses of his countrymen, a force rather than a personality, something in the background that manages to direct foreign affairs." And the *London Times:* "Not until the secret history of our days is made public will mankind be able to pronounce upon the greatness of his work and its significance for generations yet unborn."

[4] *New York World.*

Five years after his decease, on November 11, 1910, the library which bears his name was dedicated to his memory. It had been made possible by the gift of $150,000 by Mr. Andrew Carnegie on condition that an equal amount be obtained from others, which was easily secured from twenty-nine persons. He also suggested that the building be a memorial to Mr. Hay. At the dedication President Faunce emphasised the good fortune of Brown University in having such an example to hold up before its young men, a man whose career had a mysterious quality not readily apprehended, glorified by a light which is needed today in academic halls. Hon. James B. Angell, President Emeritus of the University of Michigan, dwelt upon the fitness of giving the name of John Hay to the Library, and called to mind his unusual gifts in student days—his extraordinary mastery of words and of a felicitous style, the promise of a brilliant literary future,

fulfilled in so far as he devoted himself to letters, and the value of such attainments in his diplomatic career. Hon. Elihu Root, Senator from New York and his successor in office, after paying tribute to his personal traits enlarged upon his character and achievements as Secretary of State, mentioning instances illustrating his distinction in diplomacy, and in his labours for the welfare of the human race.

Professor Koopman, Librarian, closed the exercises by receiving the key with an apposite interpretation of the value of the Memorial to the present and the future.

"For the library is the true chambered nautilus, forever enlarging its bounds, yet never relinquishing its old possessions. I accept this key also in the name of the unknown and unimagined future, whereof the youngest now living shall see but a fragment."

On a marble tablet in the entrance hall is inscribed in letters of gold:

John Hay, Author and Statesman

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN HAY
OF THE CLASS OF 1858
POET HISTORIAN DIPLOMATIST
STATESMAN
WHO MAINTAINED THE OPEN DOOR
AND THE GOLDEN RULE
THIS BUILDING
HAS BEEN ERECTED BY
HIS FRIENDS AND
FELLOW ALUMNI

V

IMPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS

After one has gone out into the Unknown it becomes more and more difficult to recall his personality as the years go by. The vanishing figure grows less and less distinct to those who knew it well, while those who had not this advantage and must construct a character from fragmentary records and differing portraits find the undertaking as perplexing as it is unsatisfactory. When, however, a man has left impressions on his age, and has been of sufficient consequence to have his acts recorded by contemporaries of various persuasions there is the possibility of conjecturing what were the leading traits which guided action and formed character. If these records and testimonials are supplemented by faithful portraiture some idea

may be formed of the personality which went in and out among its fellows, the children of men in the land of the living.

Beginning with the external and more obvious, no one could meet John Hay without the immediate recognition of his gentlemanly bearing. He was born with the essential aptitudes of a gentleman, he cultivated them with other gifts in college without being a dude, as he certainly was not a husky of the modern type. In what was to him a graduate school in Washington he met opportunities of learning the unwritten code of minor ethics—the "manners that maketh man"—and often his fortunes; and if there were other customs in other lands his residence in three European capitals enabled him, like the languages he learned to speak with facility, to be at home with any dignitary from any country. So when Mr. McKinley appointed him to the office which deals with the nations of the world he said: "To

my mind John Hay is the fairest flower of our civilisation. Cultured, wealthy, with a love of travel, of leisure, of scholarly pursuits, able to go where he likes and do what he likes, he is yet patriotic enough to give his great talents to his country." Incidentally and by contrast it may be remarked that sundry critics of the baser sort did not appreciate these attainments and denounced the President for appointing to the Court of St. James and to the Secretaryship "an exclusive, un-American aristocrat,"—whose work, however, and convenient abilities and friendly ways soon became apparent, and the public was won.

Beyond the correctness of the outward manner, which another with equal advantages might learn, was the kindheartedness which made his gentlemanliness spontaneous and unfailing. There were plenty of occasions and people to test his good nature, patience, and temper. Bores, place seekers, impecunious

travellers, fortune hunters, were daily incidents of his life at home and abroad. He was days in disposing of a man with a mission without offending him. He was not so long in getting rid of liars, who were his bane, but it was done by diplomatic and effective politeness. Of a certain titled European he said: "When the count comes to talk to me I know he is lying. What I try to find out is why he is telling that particular lie." It is safe to say that my lord did not suspect from Mr. Hay's treatment of him the purpose of his conversation. To men of good will who approached him he was "sweetness and light" whatever their station, from the professional masseur who had treated officials in foreign capitals and our own for years and remarked, "Mr. Hay is the finest gentleman I ever knew," up to dignitaries who met him on matters of high concern and paid tribute to his unfailing courtesy and his knowledge of when and how the right word was

to be spoken and the fitting deed done. Men of the press, not easily deceived, always had his sympathy in an occupation about which he knew so much, and were ready to say with one of their number: "He was like a father, brother, philosopher, guide, and friend, rolled into one."

President Roosevelt's intimate friendship with Secretary Hay was reciprocated with the fondness which arose from complementary qualities, the high spirits of the one and the quiet humour of the other making their Sunday afternoon walks together a joy to both. Mr. Roosevelt's record of them may be summed up in the tribute,—"Mr. Hay was the most charming man and delightful companion I have ever known." If there were only a Boswell to report those walks and talks! The survivor said they nearly always ended in a discussion of Abraham Lincoln.

While Mr. Roosevelt was his Sunday after-

noon companion, his week-day partner in prandial strolls was his next neighbour, Mr. Henry Adams, the historian. It was the day of the top hat and frock coat, which Mr. Hay invariably wore with the punctiliousness which he always observed in conventional matters. Then he dressed for dinner and evening. It was a part of his sense of fitness and of what was due from a man in his station.

The mention of Mr. Lincoln's name suggests two qualities which an early intimacy between the elder and the younger man developed. President Lincoln had no end of opportunities for charity and patience. He came into office when it was impossible for either half of the nation to make allowance for the attitude of the other. His fatherly love embraced North and South; therefore he was maligned by each section because he did not at once discard the other.

But throughout the strife with all its mis-

understandings he kept his charity for all and to the last treated all as the members of one family whose unity could not be destroyed by dissension. This large-mindedness the young man witnessed day by day and in those sleepless nights when his chief used to call him to converse or to read the dramas of kings and their warring people; or in the strain of anxiety, of the lighter follies which make life a comedy. There was the humour of a heart which might have been broken without this saving grace. But both the charity and the humour were always before the young man at an age when character is moulded, and finding them germinant gave them an added impulse to grow and harden into abiding principles and dispositions. That they were personal possessions, however, and not mere imitations may be observed in the respective shades and texture of the humour at least, the consequence, perhaps, of the different environment which sur-

rounded each in early life, the one in the wilderness, the other in a cultivated home.

But, according to the proverb, charity will cover a multitude of offences, one's own and other people's, and a sense of humour will gloss the rest if it does not forget them. For these two qualities Mr. Hay found abundant need in his official life. Among men of diverse training in several lands, and of differing interests in his own country, there was frequent occasion for the largest allowance to be made, particularly in the Senate, where his treaties and agreements with the nations had to go for reading and assent. What would become of a Senator's wisdom, fresh from 'Wayback, if he could not suggest something better than the proposal of a mere diplomat who had been out of the country so long as to lose his perspective? When it took two years to correct his own there was often a chance for charity if not for humour. So the great treaty-mak-

ing Secretary, the like of whom in wisdom and efficiency the nation has never seen, who changed the whole system of dealing with the nations, patiently and charitably waited for many a politician to come to his senses and to get out of the sectional ruts in which he had ridden and his father before him. Meantime the Secretary kept down his wrath with the humour that lies in the saw—"What fools these mortals be!" By and by some of them came to confess it.

A trait which made his surpassing abilities the more conspicuous was his modesty. Of course it does not always accompany talent. If the possessor of great attainments is sublimely unconscious of his gifts and acquirements, and if a grudging world is slow to pay homage openly, there are always well-disposed friends who will not let such an one go through life unconscious of his endowments. Besides, the recognition that comes with [illegible] and hon-

ourable service declares the ability required to fill exalted position, making it impossible for one not to know what he is worth in the world. Mr. Hay could not have been ignorant of his pre-eminent value to the nation, and of his achievement in the domain of letters. His modesty appears with the latter. Of his poems he wrote in a personal letter: "I do not think much of my poems. They have had an enormous success, both in this country and in England, but I think it will be ephemeral.[1] I got the story of 'Little Breeches' from a sermon by Mr. Winans of Hamilton. The character of 'Jim Bludso' was to a certain extent founded on Oliver Fairchild of Warsaw, of course not intended for a likeness. I have forgotten the name of the boat on which he perished."

In another letter he spoke of "Some Verses" by Helen Hay, his daughter: "There is the

[1] Yet Geo. C. Eggleston says he was "prouder of that very human verse than of anything else he had done." *Current Literature*, 39:132. See note 2, Chapter II.

true thing that I should have liked to do when I was young." After all, the Ballads are the effusions of youth, and not associated easily with two masterly addresses that he wrote for delivery in London forty years later, on Omar Khayyam and Sir Walter Scott. They are the measure of what the years and labour had done for him. Yet of these "two literary gems which established his reputation as a speech-maker in England" he wrote: "You never saw a people so willing and eager to be bored as these blessed John Bulls."

It may be said here of his public speaking that he was not fond of employing his gifts in this direction. He was nervously apprehensive for days before an important occasion. This anxiety does not of itself always insure success, but it is a rare speaker who does well without it; and often his prosperity is in proportion to his fear—for the first few sentences. It may not have been the secret of Mr. Hay's

achievements, for they were based upon knowledge of what should be said, a wide acquaintance with the best literature of every kind, and an unfailing discrimination between what was fitting and what was not. A word in bad taste, an untimely witticism, an inappropriate anecdote, above all a story that was near spoiling from age or vulgarity, cannot be imagined as proceeding out of his mouth, because it could not abide in his heart with the hospitality which is apt to entertain a story broader than its point. Often what is called "a good one" has breadth as its principal dimension. It was never so in his speaking. His wit was not of that order. So too, it may be said of his oratory,—it did not belong to the first half of the last century, the billowy and thunderous style. Instead, it was quiet, clear, incisive, humorous. It was also reserved for needful occasions. Still, this accomplishment is next to that of diplomacy in foreign courts, and sometimes the

public address at a state banquet is more effective than the "note" of an ambassador. In choosing him, his ability to conciliate and favourably impress the public is always taken into account in the appointment. For fifty years the government has been fortunate in this respect, in no instance more so than in Mr. Hay's. The man who could reveal himself in semi-official attitude, and his large-mindedness and cosmopolitan spirit, with loyalty to his own country, was admired by men of every nation.

If his modesty was conspicuous when obliged by correspondents and friends to refer to his literary product, it was still more apparent when his public services were mentioned. These sometimes justified defence—more at the time than since, when the wisdom of his policies has become more evident than in the days when party politics and personal interests clouded issues of vast consequence. But it was not easy to extort explanations. Occasionally

blind and blundering opposition would force out a plain estimate of its author's folly, but not of his own wisdom. This might be justified, as in the gospel, by its children—the results—but not by its possessor. It is difficult to imagine the great Secretary making official use of the first personal pronoun, a man who abolished the antiquated system of American diplomacy and introduced a new order; whose methods surpassed those of Bismarck and his own predecessors in Europe. He was as modest as he was eminent. He did not need to sound his own praise. History will take care of that.

From what has just been said it will be guessed that in common with all eminent statesmen he did not escape contemporary criticism. It sent Daniel Webster to an untimely grave, and hastened the end of others before and after. Possibly in the scoring that the Roosevelt administration received concerning the appropriation of Colombia the Secretary of State's share

of blame fell more disastrously upon him than upon his chief, whose shoulders are broad and his cuticle pachydermatous. Apologists will say that an obstructive principality, like the negro half a century ago, had no rights that a white man was bound to respect, especially when these might block an international thoroughfare. Therefore it was no crime to lay out a waterway, as a town would a street, and pay damages later. But there were steps in this proceeding that were condemned on abstract grounds and Mr. Hay received his part of the criticism.

The controversy need not be reviewed. Let the end justify the measure,—also let the nation adjust any rightful claim. It was far-seeing wisdom that removed the English impediment which stood in the way of constructing the Panama Canal; and it was equally essential that a lesser obstacle be disposed of if inclined to delay the enterprise of world-wide

consequence. Mr. Hay saw this, and that reparation was by no means impossible. His accusers saw an opportunity to annoy him. How well they succeeded may be hidden among the causes which hastened his untimely demise. The worry of his official station shortened his life more than his work, which was sufficiently burdensome. In 1899 he wrote from Washington about a literary project: "It would be only a few hours' work, but I have not the two or three hours at my disposition, and do not know when I shall have them. I am worked and worried almost into idiocy." And the next year he wrote a publisher about an introduction to Irving's "Sketch Book": "I know you would not ask me to do it if you knew the state of cerebral fatigue in which every night finds me. It is absolutely impossible for me to pledge myself to a single hour of literary work while I am here." That this sacrifice of letters to diplomacy was a genuine

surrender on his part must be evident to any who understands the promise of his early years and the achievement of the later. He could not be unconscious of the triumphs of his diplomatic career, and could believe that his name would go down as the great statesman of his age. But where there is one who knows this there are hundreds who have read his "Ballads," "Castilian Days," and chapters in the "Life of Lincoln." They would now welcome what more he might have done if he had not been prevented by laborious days and anxious nights, and would have valued what they could understand and enjoy above the higher attainment and the vaster importance of the great emprises beyond their care and comprehension. And if his own preferences be not misunderstood, John Hay, the man among his fellows, might to-day rather be remembered for some later gem of verse or prose than for some stroke of statecraft by which the nation is profiting.

These are so many that it may be regretted for his sake and ours that one or two cannot be exchanged for some literary treasure whereby the world would have been made richer and better. The only consolation is that other pens can keep up an abundant supply of reading, while only one brain in a century can lead nations into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. It is the noblest and largest work that a talent equal to it can accomplish, and the man who does it rises above his associates and his age, their politics and their wealth, their poetry and their prose.

Therefore the statesman could afford to leave authorship until the task should be finished, which he wished to drop when President McKinley fell. He reluctantly consented to complete the broken term and continued after much soliciting into another. It must have been with diminishing hope that he should take up literary work once more when he felt his

strength failing. But he was not a man to complain if the useful made the agreeable impossible. He was serving his country as truly and in a larger way than in the field of letters or on the battle field. Nor did he seek the still higher position which he could have filled with credit to himself and with honour to the nation. He was content to sacrifice himself in the station to which he was summoned, knowing perhaps that no other public servant could do for the country what he was born to do and qualified by rare experiences.

To accomplish such a mission to his country and the world demands one or two qualities which Mr. Hay possessed that must not be overlooked among elements of his greatness. One of these is the constructive imagination. Almost any wise man can see the present condition of things and make the best of the situation. It is only one in a thousand who discerns with prophetic vision the better state that

might be, the righting of ancient wrong, the maintenance of inherent right, the upholding of enduring principles, and the coming of the kingdom of righteousness and therefore of peace in all the world. This great peacemaker-through-justice had such visions, almost poetic and even baseless to his associates. He saw the nations as a family, with their family quarrels, to be sure, but settling them without fratricide, and before a tribunal august and authoritative as could be assembled from among the wisest and best of the earth.

He was among the earliest to urge such a movement away from barbarism towards a civilisation higher than the highest; for his own country had only just laid down its brotherly swords, drawn in defence and for the abolition of an inherited wrong inflicted upon a captive race, and for the expulsion of further tyranny in the Islands. And when other war-clouds arose on distant horizons in Europe and

the East he held up the Sign of the Son of Man before the powers who were inclined to respect its meaning. When they observed its spirit it was to their honour and profit, as in China; when they did not, it was Russia and Japan. But it was always the principle of the divine precept that he maintained, to be followed by nations as by persons, to do as they would be done by instead of as they could be done by. How much he contributed toward making this rule operative is seen more clearly as the years wear on. What could be discovered in his lifetime is a part of his record. It will grow plainer as the mists of the morning clear away, the morning whose dawn he introduced for his own land and for the people who had been sitting in darkness. His constructive imagination saw such possibilities as when great discoverers find an unknown continent, an unseen planet, an unsuspected ether. He believed in human and humane possibilities; his

belief was the ground of his action, and both together were the cause of his success. He imagined with a prophet's outlook that the right sense in humanity would balance the wrong, as one continent is the counterweight of another. To find the better consciousness and develop it and cultivate it was the large endeavour of his official intercourse with men and nations. His visions were not all visionary: some of them were realised through his own efforts and others through the good that lives after him and the works that follow him. Being dead he speaks; and if men do not hear and obey the voice the echo prolonged by the people will be heard in its own time.

His poetic and prophetic vision and imagination were not, however, the only cardinal features of his statesmanship. It is one thing to behold or to construct an ideal, another to make it a reality. The latter distinguishes the man of affairs from the man of ideas; the

founder of a state from the framer of Utopia or the Republic of Plato. Rarely are the two elements combined in one person, and the ability to devise and execute mingled in efficient proportion and balance. It was Mr. Hay's crowning distinction that he added efficiency to invention, in the largest significance of these essential qualities, and in the most difficult spheres of their exercise. He had to deal with petrified traditions and ossified dignitaries, abroad and at home. In Asia, Europe, and America he found hoary idolatries and little iconoclasm. The breaker of images had no encouragement as such; the reconstructor of venerable institutions and customs no precipitate welcome.

How then did he accomplish results which were at first considered visionary and impossible? By what for the lack of a more definite term may be called Decisive Persuasion. First, he knew what he wanted done: then he

had the rarer ability to make others willing to co-operate with him. He disarmed suspicion, kept nothing back, was so frank and honest that circumlocutory diplomats had no occasion to darken counsel with words nor misrepresent for a reason. He got at men at once. They understood immediately his purpose; it was reasonable, though often too exalted for others, but never below the better sentiment of personal and national honour. Appealing to this, directly or indirectly, he won where shrewdness or cunning or greed would have lost; for old-world diplomacy is a game which its masters are trained to play as Mr. Hay was not, according to their accepted methods. His own surprised them, and based as these methods were upon bed-rock principles they transferred controversy to new fields, to the surprise of some and confusion of others.

What he said of American diplomacy is emphatically true of himself: "We have gener-

ally told squarely what we wanted, announced early in the negotiation what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms. I can also say that we have been met by the representations of the other side in the same spirit of frankness and sincerity. You will bear me out in saying that there is nothing like straightforwardness to beget its like." The same may be said of honesty and honour, humanity and generosity. But in addition to these qualities there was a rare gift of persuasion which won hearts and minds by its reasonableness, its grace, its humour so moving that men supposed they were following their own bent and unbiased judgment when they were unconsciously following his. Not because he could make the worse appear the better reason, but because his own inclination ran with what was right. It also went side by side with godliness. In this as in all his ways and work there was no display of the broad

phylactery and the sounding of a trumpet; but throughout his writings, his life, and his character ran, like the warp of a fair fabric, the unbroken threads of loyalty to divine precepts, obedience to the law of the gospel, and the virtues which the author of the letters to the Corinthians includes in his definition of charity, both negative and positive. With the essential belief and strong faith on which these virtues rested they together complete the manliness which is also godliness. It is a pattern of manhood to be honoured and imitated in its private life, its social converse, and its public transactions. It is a personality to study, an example to follow. The more that is recalled, restored, and constructed anew as new material is discovered the brighter the lesson will become and the wider its beneficent influence in all the world.

In the entrance hall of the edifice which bears his name is a bronze head and shoulders of John Hay by St. Gaudens. There are also several

excellent portrait engravings here and there in various magazines, made at one time and another from the youthful days before the war to the last summer at The Fells. No artist would attempt to make of all these representations a composite picture and call it John Hay. Only one feature could be unchanged throughout all the years and this would grow old in wisdom and dim with age. It has been called the light of the body and the window of the soul; but to describe it is not to portray the body or the soul, the mortal and the immortal. Still less to picture other features, the form, and the figure. But whoever has seen the embodiment of all, the totality that makes up the personality, differing from every other, will recall certain definite lines, with the lights and shadows which constitute a substance to the vision and the memory. Next to that is the report of what others have seen, whose impression is often like that of a figure in the distance or the dusk.

What then are the shadowy outlines which can be recalled from the distance of a decade in the vanishing years? A figure not towering but with the commanding air with which compensating Nature has endowed certain men who like Napoleon have rearranged the boundaries of States and changed their politics and policies. As was said of the little conqueror, there were times when these men seemed as high as a mountain. They became spectres of the Brocken in the atmosphere which surrounded them when the rare occasion came and bewildering mists arose from the valley. They were not trifled with; they became kings of men and masters of perplexing situations. Yet Mr. Hay was not repelling nor unapproachable by reason of his encompassing dignity. On the contrary, his cordial greeting was extended to every deserving person and his sympathetic fellowship to the friends who won his heart. Still he was naturally reserved, a lover of quiet in

his happiest of homes, which with a few intimate friends made that inner circle where one reveals more than to the frequenters of the office or the throng on the street.

With the frontispiece portrait before the reader there will be no need of facial analysis and description. The lines of studious thought in the full forehead were intensified possibly by suffering in the last years, and the look of the eyes is toward problems of doubt and difficulty, but its steadiness betokens decision and fixity of purpose. Men would know that they were not dealing with a reed shaken by the wind. He was as incorruptible as a statue of Justice. Besides he could show them the beneficent path of unselfish and generous dealing with a conquered country and the better way than war. Peace must be through righteousness or it was no lasting peace. None but Melchizedek could be king of Salem. Then these qualities of heart and soul were raised to exalted power by the

mind that directed them into the best and broadest channels. His thoughts were high, his designs large, his outlook for the future of his country and the world commanding. His feet were upon the mountains bringing tidings of peace. He saw the warring nations beginning to fulfil the prophecy of the swords and spears, the ploughs and pruning hooks. He helped to hasten the dawn of a day on which the sun is already ascending and the hopeful hours sweeping upward. When its noon arrives the world will not forget who called to it out of the mists of the morning, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with thy God." [2]

[2] This was written before the outbreak of the present war. Possibly John Hay might not have been utterly cast down by it nor have lost his faith in the human kind. Instead, he might have seen in the tempest a storm that shall clear the air of pestilential vapors and hasten the coming of better kingdoms built upon foundations more permanent through the corrected sense of the nations. He might also have regarded this turmoil and madness as the final flaring up of a blaze from falling brands, to be covered forever with penitential ashes and quenched with bitter tears.

All in all John Hay's name is the symbol of what is best in personal character, noblest in official station, and highest in national polity. Modest himself, others were ready to praise him. Retiring, his fellows sought his company. Reserved, his sympathies went out to the ends of the world. Loyal to his own land he remembered that it did not own the earth, and that other people loved their country. In letters too his verse was the flower of fancy springing from the warmth of his heart; his Iberian sketches were flooded with the sunset of departing glory; his novel has its lesson to striving men; his biography is worthy the noble life which had shaped his own. Therefore it is fitting that his monument should be the repository of poetry and history, of travel and of story. It is well also that at the entrance his face should greet every guest, still speaking to each of the highest art—Expression; of the courtesy which is the best man-

ner; of diligence in business; of uprightness in life; of fidelity in station; of justice in perplexity; of good-will to all mankind.

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